POEMS, &c.

POEMS &c.

POEMS

ON

Several Occaſions.

Oh! could I flow like thee, and make thy Stream
My great Example, as it is my Theme;
Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong, without Rage; without o'erflowing full.
Denh.

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POEMS

ON

Several Occasions.

TO THE READER.

NOthing is more common than for a young Author to ſcribble a Dedication to ſome Noble Perſonage, and, by running into a Panegyrick upon the Character of the Patron, hope, in ſome Meaſure, to ſhelter himſelf from the Cenſure of the World.

The Reader will not, it is hoped, take Offence that I have left ſo beaten a Road; but leaving this ſmall Eſſay to the Reception (good or bad) it may find, am not ſolicitous about its Succeſs.

It

To the Reader.

It is not to be expected a young Adventurer ſhould make himſelf known: Nor was it my Intention ever to expoſe the following Collection to the Publick, had not ſome Friends prevailed with me, by repreſenting that in the preſent Dearth of News an Entertainment of this kind would not be altogether unacceptable.

As to the Stile of ſome of theſe Poems, it is own'd to be ſomewhat out of the Modern Way, but hope will not be thought diſagreeable.

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POEMS, &c.

Upon a young Lady, by her Lover.

SO love me ever all ye Powers Divine,
As I love her whom Hope perſwades is mine:
Rich then and happy were I, thus to win,
A Beauty, Heaven without, and Heaven within.
Had I the World (as *Alexander*'s Heir)
Left me, a Patrimony high and fair,
Enough ye'd think, yet I for all this Store,
Except ſhe whom I love, love me, am Poor.

The Images of True Conjugal Piety, of the Contempt of this World, and of the Expectation of a better, are ſo pathetically touch'd in the following Epiſtle from a Lady (who ſome Time ago dyed at the Bath) to her deareſt Relative, that it is believed it could not be unacceptable to the Fair and Virtuous.

THOU who doſt all my worldly Thoughts employ;
Thou pleaſing Source of all my earthly Joy:
Thou tend'reſt Husband, and thou beſt of Friends,
To thee this fond, this laſt Adieu, I ſend.
At length the Conq'ruor Death aſſerts his Right,
And will for ever veil me from thy Sight.
He wooes me to him with a chearful Grace,
And not one Terror clouds his meager Face.
He promiſes a laſting Reſt from Pain,
And ſhews that all Life's fleeting Joys are vain;
Th' eternal Scenes of Heav'n he ſets in view,
And tells me that no other Joys are true.

But

But Love, fond Love! wou'd yet reſiſt his Pow'r,
Wou'd fain a while defer the parting Hour.
He brings thy Mourning Image to my Eyes,
And would obſtruct my Journey to the Skies.
But ſay, thou deareſt, thou unweary'd Friend,
Say, ſhould'ſt thou grieve to ſee my Sorrows end?
Thou know'ſt a painful Pilgrimage I've paſt,
And would'ſt thou mourn that Reſt is come at laſt?
Rather rejoice to ſee me ſhake off Life,
And die, as I have liv'd, thy faithful Wife.

By a Gentleman who courted a Middle Siſter.

Faireſt,

DAme Nature ſeems to make your Siſters ſtand
As Handmaids that attend on either Hand;
To Right or Left I turn not, Poets ſay
The Middle is the beſt and ſafeſt Way.

I view the Temples, and I find them three,
But ſtill the middle Temple goes for me:
Your Siſters are like Banks on either Side,
Whilſt you, the Chryſtal Stream, betwixt them glide;
'Tis light at Morn, and when the Day declines,
But yet the brighteſt Sun at Mid-day ſhines:
Methinks your Siſters ſtand on either Side,
Like Bride-maids, you in Middle like a Bride:
Doubteleſs in you the Middle Grace I ſee,
On this Side Faith, on that Side Charity;
My Fancy ſeems to dictate to my Senſe
A Cawſway, 'twixt two Ditches or its Fence.
The ſmooth and ſilent Floods in Middle flow,
But the Shores murmur, 'cauſe th' Waters low:
And now I tell you, but what the World knows
Fullwell, betwixt two Nettles ſits a Roſe.

On Summer.

SNakes caſt their Skins, and they are young again,
Summer's the Subſtance, Winter the caſt Skin:
Summer is Youth in ſprightly Equipage,
Winter's decrepit craſie, uſeleſs Age.
Sol's radiant Beams ſo gild the World's vaſt Stage,
'Twere ſmall Miſtake, to call't the Golden Age,
Summer's all Praiſe, what need it then a Poet
To ſpeak it fair ſince who know nought elſe, know it.
I might imbelliſh Summers ſweet Complexion,
Call Winter Death, Summer the Reſurrection:
And when my Tale with all my Art is told,
What will the World conclude my News, but old;
Nor is it more than Children uſe to ſay,
A Summer's Evening is a Winter's Day.

But

But I'll abruptly off, and what I have,
Begun abſurdly, as abſurdly leave;
Leaſt I go ſcale the Spheres, and blind with Light,
Set in a Cloud and ſimply ſay, Good Night:

A Gentleman ſurprized with the Sight of a Lady unknown to him, but betrothed to another.

UNhappy happineſs, piercing pleaſing Fate,
By too good Fortune made unfortunate;
My bleſt, and blaſted Eyes made me at once
My ſelf an Emperour, and a Slave pronounce:
What ſtrange Affections on my Spirit ſeaſe,
Whereof the Cure is worſe than the Diſeaſe.
What heavenly Fire is this torments and joys me,
Which if I blow conſumes, if quench deſtroys me?
Take here, O take this love-ſlain Heart of mine,
This Victim fall'n on your victorious Shrine;

Only

Only let Love, ſince to your Pile I come,
Honour my Sacrifice with Martyrdom.
And 'tis enough, ſince I can't overcome ye,
I'll kiſs the Stroaks my Fates allot me from ye;
Yet on my Urn ſhould you one Glance contrive,
My Aſhes with the Phœnix might revive;
If not a Smile, O yet let Pity lend me,
A Sigh, that may to the next World commend me;
Where my then happier Eyes may have the Grace
Freely to feaſt on your Seraphick Face.

A Lady to her abſent Lover.

TWice twenty times hath *Titan* run his Courſe,
From th' Oriental to the Weſtern Soucre,
Since laſt I ſaw you; can one parting Kiſs
Suſtain me ſuch an Age of Night as this?

How

How I am rack'd in thy unkind Delay,
Come my ſweet *Phoſphor*, come and bring the Day;
Sorrow and Solitude in this ſmall Space
Have figur'd Age on my Hermetick Face.
Go happy Paper be my Mercury,
And having kiſs'd his Hand bring it to me,
That I may be thy Rival; tell him I
Muſt ſee him ſoon, or in Deſpair I die:
And if he come not, I ſhall plainly ſee,
He's out of Town, or out of Love with me.

A forſaken Lady to her Apoſtate.

BUT are thoſe Flaſhes fled, thoſe Flames quite gone,
Into the Aſhes of Oblivion?
Where are thoſe Vows, thoſe Heaven-atteſted Oaths,
Seal'd on my Lips, the Pledges of our Troths?
What all amort, all baniſht in a trice,
All our Embraces a Fool's Paradice?

Then

Then farewel Faith, and Friend, next time I find
My ſelf affective I'll embrace the Wind.

Whether LOVE *is Blind or not.*

1.

WHAT makes you think that Love is blind,
Since he dwels in the Eye?
I rather the contrary find
In all my Scrutiny;
For I in Love had never been,
Had not mine Eyes the Object ſeen.

2.

And all the World in this agree,
Love is a flaming Fire;
If then a Fire, nay Flame it be,
What need we more deſire,
To prove that Love may have his Sight,
From that which renders all things Light?

3.

Tell me not that *Obſuſca* was
Born blind, yet lov'd on Truſt,
Admit the Fable, yet alas
It was not Love, but Luſt.
For ſhe muſt have it underſtood,
Though nothing elſe, her Feeling's good.

4.

But you will ſay where ſtood his Eyes,
That choſe ſo courſe a Wench,
As Bab, ſince Men meet, ſuch a Prize,
On every common Bench?
This will be his Retort again,
What's one Man's Meat is another's Bane.

5.

Here's one a Horſe-face courts whoſe Weight
He knows will come in Gold;
And ſo he have the Money ſtreight,
Let her be crooked, old,

Splay-

Splay-foot, Blind, Beetle-brow'd, and Lame,
For he ha's that for which he came.

6.

Turn but your Eye and you ſhall ſee
Another's Finger itch,
To be embracing ſuch a ſhe
Is neither Fair nor Rich.
Ask but his Reaſon and 'tis this,
My Mind to me a Kingdom is.

7.

Then let not hollow'd Love bear Blame,
For Human Fantaſy;
Love is a pure cœleſtial Flame,
Heaven and Earth's Mercury;
Diffus'd on Mortals, let us hence
Accuſe the Organ, not the Influence.

An Epitaph *written by a Gentleman on his deceaſed Kinſwoman.*

UNder this ſad Marble lyes,
Nature's Pride and Beauty's Prize;
Such, ſo ſweet her Accents were,
As would charm a *Syren*'s Ear;
Such her modeſt Mode as ſhe,
Taught the Turtle Charity.
In ſum, a more Vertuous Wife,
Never ſweeten'd Husband's Life.
To conclude then, all was ſhe,
Man could wiſh, or Woman be,
Who lyes here, like Treaſure found,
Not above but under Ground.

To a Lady *named* Conſtantia.

LET others ply the Oars 'twixt Doubts and Fears,
For I am paſt thoſe Rocks, thoſe Tides of (Fears,
My ſullen Star is fallen, War's paſt, and I
Laiden with Trophies of my Victory;
How do I bleſs my Fate that I did meet,
With one ſo fair, ſo faithful, and ſo ſweet:
My humble Knee bows henceforth to no Shrine,
(Though *Venus* were thy Rival) but to thine.
Happy my deareſt, happy he may lye,
Under the Tropick of thy gracious Eye.
Nothing but Death ſhall my firm Faith remove,
Nothing but the cold Floor ſhall cool my Love.
The Gordon Knot that could not be unty'd
By Art, did *Alexander*'s Sword divide:
Our Love-knot's faſter, nor ſhall Arms, nor Arts
Unlink the Chain of our united Hearts.

When

When I divide the Thread our Loves have ſpun,
The Streams ſhall back upon their Fountains run.
This I conclude a Poſſibility,
I may forget my Name, but never thee.

On the Sickneſs and Recovery of a Lady, *by a Gentleman to whom ſhe had promiſed Marriage.*

BUT hadſt thou Death ſuch Hopes alive,
Thy Sute could ever thrive,
In flatt'ring her
T' her Sepulcher,
From her approaching bridal Bed?
Alas! thy Hopes are dead:
Dead as thy ſelf,
Unwelcome Elf.
But would you fain foreſtall, forſooth,
The ſweets of blooming Youth?
Your Sute is cold,
And you too bold:
Suffice it long time hence that thou
Bath in her aged Snow.

Couldſt

Couldſt thou her ſend,
To thy dark Bed,
Her orient Eye would ſhoot a Ray
Should make thy Midnight Day:
As though the Sun
Did thither run,
And all his rutilous Jewels ſet
In that cloſe Cabinet.
Then ſhould Mourning,
See Joys Morning:
Then paleſt Aſhes ſhould revive,
And Death be made alive.
Whilſt we, blind we,
If we would ſee,
Muſt all our Light, Cymmerian like,
From flinty Boſoms ſtrike.
But Thanks to Heaven,
Death is bereaven;
Th' Eclipſe is paſt, and Beauty's Light
Has baniſht dead of Night.
See, ſee the Love,
Of Heaven above;
For we have here God's Bleſſings got,
And the warm Sun to boot.

O let us now,
Low as Earth bow,
And grateful Sacrifices give,
To Him that here said, *Let her Live.*

On Man.

WHAT time *Jehovah*, Heavẽ and Earth's (*Creator*,
Had fully finiſht the World, vaſt Theater;
He brings up Man, and gives the World to ſee,
His curious Art, in their Epitome:
Which but in Man, He in no Creature would,
They but of Simple, he of Compound Mould:
They but of Bodies only do conſiſt,
In Man a Body and a Soul contriſt:
His Body, his baſe Part, Earth repreſents,
His Heaven-breath'd Soul, Earth's Soul, the Elements,
The Ingredients of the World are Water, Air,
Earth, Fire, ſuch Man's Ingredients are:
Your Leave, and thus the Semblance I rehearſe,
Between the great and little Univerſe.

His Head's Orbicular, like the circular Skies,
Whose Lamps meet Rivals in his orient Eyes;
And as 'tis Heaven most like, 'tis Heaven most near;
Reason sways her majestick Scepter there,
That divine Guest that makes a Man, thence all
The Senses borrow their Original;
And as their sole and supreme Court, repair,
To manifest their Virtues in that Chair.
Nor may I here forget that comely Front,
That so surprises all that look upon't;
Those lovely Lineaments, those goodly Graces,
Attend the Sweets of well-proportion'd Faces;
What Wonders Nature in his Tongue commences,
The Instruments of delicious Senses;
Which we beyond express oftimes refresh,
With Rapsodies from that small Film of Flesh.
How right here's *Pan* and *Phœbus*, whilst our Ears
Are partial 'twixt our Voices and the Spheres:
Some time 'tis full, and makes his Voice as loud,
As Thunder roaring from the shatter'd Cloud.
But let's go downward with his Heirs and see
How it does with the Piles of Grass agree;
The Number well concurrs, in each we see
The numerous Foot-steps of a Deitie;

Both the Effect of Moiſture; who ſo ſeeks
The *Roſe*, or *Lilly*, they ſo blow in his Cheeks;
Nay what can you preſent, but he commands,
The lively Tranſhape from his *Protean* Hands?
His Blood is like the Streams that to and fro
Turning and winding are the Center through.
Should I here ſwell my Story to preſent
The Office of each *Chord* each *Ligament*;
The *Nerves*, the *Tendons*, and the *Arteries*,
My Life would be too ſhort to finiſh theſe:
Nay there's no Member, but in it I ſee,
A Theame of wonder to Eternity.

And yet this Body we can't praiſe enough,
Compare it with the Soul, 'tis ſordid Stuff:
There's not ſuch Difference 'twixt the ſorry Caſe,
And Jewel, 'twixt the Mask, and the fair Face.
God made Man's Body after all the reſt,
Add after that inſpir'd the Soul, the beſt:
The Body from the Earth, the Duſt, aſcends,
The incompounded Soul from God deſcends:
'T is not the Fleſh, but in the Soul, that we
Aſſume the Image of the Deitie.

The Body's ſubject to Mortality,
The Soul, Part of the Living God, can't dye.
Nature's appointed Time of Change revolves,
And it into his Elements deſolves;
His native Heat does to the Fire repair,
Water to Water, Breath unto the Air;
The Bones and Parts that are more ſolid muſt,
Lye Priſoners till they render Duſt to Duſt;
Mean time the Soul, her native Station keeps
In Heaven, whilſt Nature in her Cauſes ſleeps.

A Dialogue.

Phillis, Charon.

Phil. A Boat, a Boat, *Charon*, come ſet me over.
Cha. Who calls Hell's fatal Ferryman?
Phli. A Lover.
Cha. And thou ſhalt ſtay the longer for't I vow.
Phil. You'll not be ſo unmerciful, I trow.
Cha. Left-handed Luck light on ye, every Hour I'm troubl'd to tranſport ſuch Brands as you are.

Phil.

Phil. Nay good ſweet *Charon*, come.
Cha. Yes ſweet on ſtill,
When I have nothing elſe to do, I will.
Phil. What?
Cha. Greaſe my Boat, and patch my ſhatter'd Sails,
And ſet me down and reſt me.
Phil. *Jove*, what ails
This froward Patch? come prethee to the Stath,
I am a Strange, come put off thy Wrath.
Cha. Hence Cupid's Brands.
Phil. Not ſo.
Cha. I'll come no nigher;
Phil. Why?
Cha. For you'll ſet my pitchy Boat on Fire;
I fry already with tranſporting Flames,
Such as have almoſt drank up all my Streams.
Phil. Canſt thou fear that and ſee theſe freſh Supplies,
So ſtreaming from the Conduits of mine Eyes?
Cha. Well, well.
Phil. Nay more, if *Charon* ſhall think good,
Theſe Arms as Oars ſhall wave the *Stigian* Flood;
This Waſte thy Maſt, and this diſhevell'd Hair,
I'll into Cables twiſt.
Cha. Well you ſpeak fair.
Phil. Come then;
Cha. I am at Hand, but e're thy Foot board me,
How cam'ſt thou here, timely or not?

Phil.

Phil. What makes that to my Speed? Come waft me over,
And talk of that anon.
Cha. Nay ſoft, diſcover,
Or thou art at thy furtheſt; truſt no tricks,
Nor Falſities, but ſwear by ſacred *Styx*,
Which even the Gods call not to Lyes,
Without the forfeit of their Deities,
And loſs of *Nectar* for a Hundred Years.
Speak.
Phil. What in *Philbis* faulty here appears?
Cha. Thou canſt not paſs.
Phil. The Gods forbid, O mother
That Breath, this Death is worſe then th' other,
I paſt laſt Night; that I implunged in
For Love, and muſt I dye again for Sin?
Is it decreed?
Cha. It is, and ſign'd by Fate.
Phil. I'll ſupplicate the Gods then.
Cha. 'Tis too late.
Phil. Hard Hap, but ſaweſt thou not my
Demophon.
Cha. I did.
Phil. Where?
Cha. He's to Elyſium gone.
Phil. And I left here, O *Charon*, prethee either
Waſt me to him, or fetch him hither.
Cha. Neither.
Phil. Shall he live happy?
Cha. Yes.

Phil.

Phil. Then let me come,
For he knows I am his Elysium.
Cha. Thou canst not, Wretch.
Phil. No! Whether shall I then
Betake my self?
Cha. To yon foul foggy Fen!
Phil. And what when there?
Cha. Still tide it to and fro,
In deep Despair, as those Self-murtherers do:
Seest thou these Troops like Autumn's leafy Spoil,
What self-bemoaning, what unpittied coyle,
They keep? But I, stern *Charon*, have no Ears
To hear their Plaints, no Eyes to see their Tears.
Phil. Have I contemned Life, neglected *Thrace*,
And my Imperial Scepter for this Place?
Cha. Blame thine own Rashness to anticipate,
The supreme Act of Adamantine Fate.
Phil. Has thou no Pity left for Queens?
Cha. No, now,
The basest Beggar is as great as thou.
Phil. O give me yet a Draught of *Lethe*, that
I may forget the Tyranny of Fate.
Cha. It cannot be allow'd, alas thy Woes
Begin but now.
Phil. When end they then?
Cha. God knows.
Phil. Pity, sweet *Charon*, pity for his sake,
Whose Innocence must of my Griefs partake,
For he and I long since agreed upon
This, he should *Phillis* be, I *Demophon*:
Our faithful Lips were Pledges of this Twine,
He giving his Heart, I returning mine:

'Tis

'Tis I have ſinn'd, and muſt he bear the Blow;
'Tis not my Heart, but his that ſuffers now:
O either yeild then to my juſt Deſire,
Or let me ſuffer in my ſelf entire:
But, if't may be, Cœleſtial Pity move,
To ſpare us both, and lay the Fault on Love.

Cha. Well Love ſhall blind the Gods, and Pity ſhall
For once the fair Queen be Preſidential:
Or if the Gods will not commiſerate,
I'll ſteal thee over *Stix* in ſpite of Fate.

'Tis I have sinn'd, and must be sent the Blow;
'Tis not my Heart, but his that suffers now;
O either yield them to my just Desire,
Or let me suffer in my self entire:
But, if it may be, Celestial Pity move,
To spare us both, and lay the Fault on Love.
Cha. Well Love shall blind the Gods, and Pity shall
For once the fair Queen be Bredden tial;
Or if the Gods will not commiserate,
I'll steal thee over Sirix in spite of Fate.